THE NATION

JUNE 28, 1958 . . 25c

Senator Estes Kefauver

THE MANIPULATED PRICE RISE

Harvey Swados

MYTH OF THE POWERFUL WORKER

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LETTERS

Not Child Enough

Dear Sirs: I think it goes without saying that I am as critical as you people are of many facets of American life. Lord knows I've raised my voice often enough. But when someone like Julian Halevy equates Disneyland and Las Vegas [*The Nation*, June 7], I begin to doubt his or my sanity.

Not that I haven't met his type before. The world is full of people who, for intellectual reasons, steadfastly refuse to let go and enjoy themselves. Mr. Halevy damns himself immediately when he states he is glad he didn't take a child with him to Disneyland. I did better than take a child; my first visit, I accompanied one of the great theatrical and creative minds of our time, Charles Laughton. I've never had such a day full of zest and high good humor. Mr. Laughton is no easy mark; he has a gimlet eye and a searching mind. Yet *he* saw, and *I* found, in Disneyland, vast reserves of imagination before untapped in our country.

I admit I approached Disneyland with many intellectual reservations, myself, but these have been banished in my seven visits. Disney makes many mistakes; what artist doesn't? But when he flies, he really flies. I shall be indebted to him for a lifetime for his ability to let me fly over midnight London looking down on that fabulous city, in his Peter Pan ride. The Jungle Boat ride, too, is an experience of true delight and wonder. I could go on, but why bother?

I have a sneaking suspicion, after all is said and done, that Mr. Halevy truly loved Disneyland but is not man enough, or child enough, to admit it. I feel sorry for him. He will never travel in space, he will never touch the stars.

RAY BRADBURY

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Julian Halevy's article reminded me of Voltaire's little piece written about his first visit to the Royal Library of Paris. The sight of hundreds of thousand of volumes frightened and saddened him. So many books that would never be read! And here he was hoping to add to that number! But then he reasoned very coolly that he wasn't required to read them all. Nor was anyone else. It was to be compared to life in Paris. Five hundred thousand people was a frightening number of human beings. But then you didn't really live with all those people. You picked yourself out a few friends and you enjoyed life with them. Which is fortunately also the case in Mexico, or the United States.

The author speaks of the mushrooming growth of Disneyland and Las Vegas offering their pseudo-satisfactions for the American people. I don't have any more exact figures on this than the author himself, but I venture to estimate that these two places together can hardly accommodate much more than the annual increment (over 3,000,000) in the American population, so that the average American, limited to his fair share, would not rate one visit every half-century. Really not worth getting excited about, is it? Unless, of course, you're looking for a reason not to live here, which everyone is entitled to if he so desires.

GUY ENDORE

Los Angeles, Calif.

Soviet Physics

Dear Sirs: It is probably true, as Dr. Donald J. Hughes says in your issue of June 7, that in terms of achievement, American physics is ahead of Soviet physics. But I think he tends to underestimate the achievements of Soviet scientists in basic (pure) physics. They have a very impressive record: one thinks immediately of Friedman (expanding universe); Landsberg and Mandelstam (Raman effect of solids); Landau and Kapitza (theoretical and experimental work in the superfluid state); Cerenkov (Cerenkov radiation); Peshkov (second sound); Zavoisky (electron-spin resonance). Russian journals carry many very abstract papers on theoretical physics: field theory, for instance, which certainly cannot be classified as "development research." While an enormous amount of applied science is done, the same is true here (Manhattan Project, AEC establishments, satellites and rocketry). The Soviet record is all the more impressive in that the Soviet physicists are competing with the entire West, and not just America. As to American physics, it has a very large European component (Einstein, Fermi, Bethe, Wigner, Segre, etc., etc.).

One final word about translation of technical articles. As one who has done some of this, I can testify that it is a very boring, time-consuming and irritating work. Even if the article you have to translate is in your own field, it is one thing to read it, quite another to labor over it word for word. Competent research scientists can be better employed; and in fact, more and more of this work in the United States is being taken over by professional agencies.

A. V. BUSHKOVITCH
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Teapot (Dome?) Tempest

A tantalizing familiarity hovers about the Administration's handling of the Sherman Adams affair. And then the flash comes: this is the Richard Nixon TV performance of 1952 all over again, with Rachel substituting for Pat, Sherm for Dick, but minus the dog. The story line is the same. In each case the technique has been to adopt the theme of "coming clean," of doing "the right thing," of exhibiting "the manly Christian" attitude. The opening ploy is to make a "manly," frank acknowledgment of error by way of obeisance to the tribal mores—"I may have erred, but. . . ." The obeisance must be executed with an air of humility, yet with dignity: there must be no truculence; no offense must be given to the jury which is, of course, the public. Imply that one is of modest means; human, "like everyone else"; not over-reaching, not arrogant, not contemptuous of the public. Concede the charge but finesse the implication. Say in essence, "I may have erred but since I am not an evil man, what I have done cannot be evil."

The first time we listened to this script, in the Nixon case, we were inclined to believe that it stemmed from the upper reaches of Madison Avenue. The second performance suggests another inference. The story line is much too cunning and shrewd to have been conceived by the motivational research and opinion-sampling fraternity. It shows a sure feel for the soft spots in the American character, a masterly intuition of the folkways. In brief, we conclude that the President is himself the author of this new morality play. It exhibits his instinctive comprehension of the secret workings of the American heart, his certain knowledge of what the public will accept. Other authors have been suggested—Attorney General Rogers, the Vice President, Mr. Dewey, Mr. Brownell; but these are seasoned political operators, not poets of politics. There is a homespun poetry about the script used in the Nixon-Adams affairs that cannot be faked or imitated.

But will this second performance be as successful as the first? Like Adams, the Vice President was caught *flagrante delicto,* in a piece of "imprudent" chicanery, a serious offense against political ethics and morality. But there was no committee around to probe into the circumstances of the Nixon "fund"; the flow of revelations could be sealed off. Not so with Sherm. To uncover additional acts of "imprudence," all that Representative Harris needs to do is to have his staff comb the files of every administrative agency in Washington and then run down the leads provided by each letter, telephone call or other communication from Adams to these agencies. Besides, the ineffable Mr. Goldfine is yet to be examined, and "imprudent" is Bernie's middle name. And there are embarrassing loose ends in the Adams case: for example, the $2,400 rug that was "loaned," not given.

In a first editorial on the Adams case, the New York *Herald Tribune* bravely dismissed it as a "teapot tempest"; everyone knows that the character of Adams is "as flinty and incorruptible as a piece of New Hampshire granite." In a second editorial, after Adams' appearance, an even braver note was struck: the President and his assistant could now forget the recent unpleasantness and "get back to work." But if the case is a "teapot tempest" it should not be forgotten that there was once quite a scandal about another teapot, Teapot Dome. Somehow we have a feeling that the Adams affair will stay in the headlines until Adams, in words that the President used in another connection, is "out, out, out."

Another Job for the U.N.

Elements of the U.S. Sixth Fleet are watching the situation in Lebanon, Mr. Dulles tells us, "and could, if need be, respond to the appropriate invitation." The invitation for which Mr. Dulles seems to be hankering would presumably be accepted under the Eisenhower Doctrine, that leaky umbrella which Mr. Dulles hopefully extended over the entire Middle East when Jordan was menaced. To apply it to Lebanon, however, would require twisting it into a military-diplomatic pretzel; for, as originally promulgated, the doctrine was

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to apply to a Middle East state threatened by a Communist-dominated state and requesting assistance from the United States. For all its gun-running over the Syrian-Lebanese border, the United Arab Republic cannot be construed as Communist-dominated. Nor is Lebanon, with its Christian-Moslem schism, a clear-cut case for intervention. If, then, the solicited intervention should be forthcoming, compliance would look more like one of the Marine Corps landings in Central America in the days of "dollar diplomacy" than an operation in strict accordance with today's more enlightened international mores.

Once again the United Nations offers the best way out. But Mr. Dulles should beware of telling Mr. Hammarskjold what to do next, or to appear to be putting him in a position where he can do only what Mr. Dulles wants him to do. The League of Nations was ruined not only by timidity, but by the insistence of the French (and the British) on using it as a tool of national diplomacy. No one will accuse Mr. Hammarskjold of being Communist-dominated: the Eisenhower Doctrine need not be invoked against him. He has already taken steps to patrol the Lebanese-Syrian border. Since the border is mostly mountainous and 150 miles long, this is no simple project, but it should be left to the best efforts of the neutral observers recruited by the U.N. The United States can, on request, properly provide equipment for these border patrols, such as Army helicopters and liaison planes, now in Germany, which are reported to be already painted white and ready for movement. But our Marines should stay on their ships.

Crime and Punishment

The investigating committees of the Congress which, during the past two decades, have taken on themselves the task of extirpating political heresy, have now established a new and remarkable system of jurisprudence in which the punishment of the offender depends entirely on who employs him. Last week Charles S. Dubin, the director of the quiz show *Twenty-One*, the current star of which has amassed a nest egg of $255,000, appeared before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, holding hearings in New York City, and was asked what was once quaintly called the $64 question. Mr. Dubin avowed that he was not now a member of the Communist Party, but he stood on the First and Fifth Amendments when it came to further revelations. Thereupon, with the speed of radio waves (186,000 miles per second), Robert Sarnoff, a chip off the old block and president of the National Broadcasting Company, over whose facilities *Twenty-One* is televised, declared Mr. Dubin *persona non grata*. With no less celerity, the program packager of the show fired Mr. Dubin. Barred from the NBC facilities and all others, since in this matter all the networks are as one, Mr. Dubin found his earning capacity reduced from a rather respectable weekly stipend to zero. He may be able to get a job in some tolerant dry-cleaning establishment removing the spots from his erstwhile colleagues' clothes but, reckoned over a lifetime, it is quite possible that he has, to all intents and purposes, been fined $100,000,000 or so by the simple fact of being called before a Congressional committee and invoking his Constitutional privilege. CBS, just as patriotic as NBC, also barred their studios to witnesses who, like Mr. Dubin, held the authority of a Congressional committee in somewhat less regard than the Constitution.

Under these auspices, the House Committee may blithely ignore the *Watkins* decision since, unless a witness is held in contempt, the issue will never reach the courts. All that the committee need do is pillory the culprit and garner the publicity. The networks and advertising agencies will do the rest.

Yet at these same New York hearings, a number of stage actors went scot-free, except for whatever sums they may have paid their lawyers, since theatrical producers do not regard invoking the Constitution as a crime against society. Has the efficacy of Constitutional rights come to depend, then, on whether one's employer respects these rights enough to risk incurring the censure of a Congressional committee? If this be so, the Supreme Court has no alternative but to invalidate the mandate creating the House Committee, and thus to restore the old-fashioned axiom of the equality of all persons before the law.

An Act of Barbarism

The execution of Imre Nagy and three of his associates is an act of barbarism. The Hungarian communique reciting the charges, the evidence and the sentences, is a crude piece of buffoonery that will deceive no one. That these four brave men refused to confess is, of course, the best proof of their innocence. In the post-Stalin era, at any rate, the political deviationist in Communist countries is usually worth more alive than dead—if he will confess. And if he is ingenious, he can sometimes make a joke of his confession. George Faludi, the Hungarian poet, drew only a six-year sentence in 1947 after he had confessed to serving as an American spy under the direction of Gen. Edgar Allan Poe, Colonel Walt Whitman and Captain Henry Thoreau. Paul Ignotus escaped the death sentence by signing a statement in which he confessed that he had served in the British Secret Service under General B. Loody Lie. There are ways of saving one's life even without dishonor. But Nagy and his associates would not, even to save their lives, make it any easier for their executioners. Let the world honor these four brave men: Imre Nagy, Miklos Gimes, Pal Maleter and Jozef Szilagyi.

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The Tocsin Quality

In recent weeks, Frank Stanton, president of CBS, has spoken twice before professional audiences on the role of journalism in a democracy. Both speeches develop the same argument: the health of a democracy depends on a responsible public opinion, public opinion is developed by the orderly distribution of facts and not by the hortatory methods of propaganda, and the news media have a solemn obligation to provide the public with the accurate information it requires.

That statement is admirable, but Dr. Stanton illustrates it, in both speeches, with an incident that demonstrates the opposite of his point. Says Dr. Stanton: "The comfort and quiet of millions of American homes were shattered by a news bulletin shortly before seven o'clock on a Friday evening last October. Before two hours had passed, an unfamiliar code signal —the sharp beep of Sputnik I—penetrated into virtually every home in the country. . . . This nation had suffered a resounding defeat." All was not lost, however. Public opinion, reacting to the situation, forced our leaders into action: "Steps were taken to liberate scientific knowledge . . . ; a new and high White House post was created . . . ; top priority . . . was given to the missile program . . . ; a penetrating reappraisal of our whole educational program was undertaken. . . . This immediate recognition and goading to action represented a victory that went far to dispel the gloom and alleviate the shock caused by Sputnik."

Dr. Stanton recalls with beautiful accuracy the terms in which the launching of Sputnik I was presented to the American public. But he does not see, even from the wisdom of retrospect, that what the public received was not news but feverish editorial ejaculation. What "defeat" was suffered when Sputnik was launched; what "victory" was won by creating still another White House post, increasing the defense budget and subjecting our educational system to a penetrating reappraisal? What, by the way, was penetrating about it? The gloom and the shock that Dr. Stanton remembers were created, insofar as they existed at all outside the skittish editorial rooms, by the newspapers and the broadcasting networks. The Russians had put into the sky a small globe containing scientific instruments. It was a technical achievement of some brilliance and, as a demonstration of Russian prowess, a reason for sober consideration of our attitude toward the USSR and to world power in general; the American press reacted to the event as though it were an invasion from Mars. And it is absurd to suggest that the public took any action at all, except to watch in stunned surprise as the Eisenhower Administration rode off yelping in all directions.

At another point, speaking of the special virtues of broadcasting, Dr. Stanton notes that it "can reach all the people at the same time . . . immediately . . . at any hour of the day or night." So it can; it can ring the alarm bell and pour us out into the street, ready to fight the first shadow that crosses our path. And more and more, under competition from the studios, all our media of information are taking on this tocsin quality. It no more resembles journalism than a panic in a burning theatre resembles a town meeting.

Publisher Knowland?

Since Edmund G. Brown scored a 605,000 plurality over Senator Knowland in California's primary on June 3, that state's Republican politicians have been treating their candidate for governor as if he had suddenly developed leprosy. As old friends, they can hardly disown him, and in any case there's the chance he may make a miraculous comeback. But certainly they don't want to get too close to him.

Immediately after the primary, Knowland called upon his fellow-Republicans to close ranks. He might as well have asked Walter Reuther to support his right-to-work labor platform. Governor Goodwin J. Knight, whom Knowland and Vice President Richard Nixon had pressured into running for the Senate instead of for another gubernatorial term, said brusquely: "I propose to conduct my own separate campaign." Other Republicans who discovered they wanted no assistance from their long-time leader included Lieutenant Governor Harold J. Powers, Controller Robert C. Kirkwood, Secretary of State Frank M. Jordan and State Treasurer A. Ronald Button. And in addition, Edward S. Shattuck, who became Republican National Committeeman from California two years ago with Knowland's backing, announced he would no longer serve in the dual role of campaign coordinator for the Senator.

Of course, all these old friends insist, with Governor Knight, that "there's nothing personal" between them and Knowland. Perhaps the Governor put his finger on the matter when he explained: "The only difference that exists, and has existed, between Senator Knowland and me is on an issue that substantially represents his campaign platform. I cannot agree with the Senator on that issue."

The issue in question, of course, is the Senator's championship of the right-to-work referendum on the November ballot.

It looks more and more as if California, for only the second time since the turn of the century, will have a Democratic governor next year. As for Mr. Knowland, there's always a job waiting for him as publisher of his father's newspaper, the prosperous Oakland *Tribune*, across the bay from San Francisco. Many men have risen from publisher to Senator and Presidential aspirant; it would seem that Mr. Knowland, if prognostications are correct, is about to reverse the pattern.

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THE PORTUGUESE ELECTIONS:

'FEAR PROTECTS THE VINEYARD'

Lisbon

THE ELECTIONS have been on their way for a long time; people have talked of little else, even though public discussion of them has meant a certain amount of prudent glancing over the shoulder and switching to other subjects when particular individuals came within earshot. Now the elections have come and gone, and everything is the same as before. Or is it?

There is repression and repression; the sort practiced in Portugal is relatively benign, and certainly should not be equated with the treatment traditionally accorded the subjects of the neighboring state on its east. Apologist for the regime (and the ones I have met own large American cars which cost more than twice as much as they do in the United States) explain patiently: "Our people need a strong hand." That they have, in Dr. Oliveira Salazar, the former professor of political economy at the University of Coimbra; it is a firm guiding hand with remarkably little blood on it, and it is tendered in the tacit assumption that those it controls are children and will remain such indefinitely. But even the apologists reproach their leader for not having groomed a successor. "If something should happen to Salazar—" they say, and shake their heads.

When you go into Portugal, particularly if you enter elsewhere than at Lisbon, you experience the sensation of having gone back into a previous century. Not that the land lacks physical proof of being modern—on the contrary, it looks more "advanced" than Spain, and certainly more prosperous. However, in a subtle fashion you are made aware that it is another world, apparently devoid of those indefinable tensions we have all grown so used to that we remember their existence only when they are suddenly discontinued. There seems to be time to do everything comfortably and gracefully. Regional costumes are still worn, and the smiling face is the rule rather than the exception. But as one might expect, the conditions which provide the visitor with the pleasant feeling of being in a more innocent age are not appreciated by those who are bound by them. It is true that no employer would think of offering his workers a lunch period of less than two hours, and if you speak with the employees and tell them that many Americans take only a half-hour for their noonday meal they are scandalized, yet they hasten to admit that they would prefer even such unpleasant conditions and the American wages which go with them to their present leisurely tempo with its concomitants.

THE AVERAGE per capita yearly income in Portugal is $171 (as compared with $507 in France) and there are innumerable taxes which are collected at source. If you are staying in a fishing village and go each day to watch the nets drawn in, you will see a uniformed guard running along the beach from group to group with his notebook, taking careful count of each catch. After the various municipal and federal levies have been subtracted, a fisherman's normal daily take is in the neighborhood of eighteen escudos (61 cents). Obviously there are a good many days in the year, particularly in the winter, when the sea does not permit the casting of nets at all. Conditions in many of the fishermen's huts are not noticeably better than those in the dwellings provided by the British for the Kikuyus in the locations of Kenya. And one must remember that the fisherman in Portugal enjoys a higher living standard than the farmer.

Although it is a militantly backward country, Portugal is not poor. We may be inclined to think of it as that little strip of the Iberian peninsula which does not belong to Spain, and to forget that it is still the world's third largest empire, surpassed only by Britain and France. At the same time I don't think I have ever seen a nation, including Italy, whose inhabitants talk so constantly about emigrating. Practically everyone has a cousin or a brother somewhere in America—usually Brazil, Venezuela or the United States—and is hopefully awaiting the stroke of good luck which will make it possible for him, too, to join the ranks of the expatriates.

It would be hard to find a pleasanter people than the Portuguese. The somewhat fanatical quality of the Spanish character is largely lacking here, with the result that while the Spanish are formal, the Portuguese are merely correct, but it is a conscious correctness and they all seem to have it, whatever their social status. They are also honest, free from xenophobia, and even gentle (although I disagree with the English here, who consider them spineless because they have put up with a military dictatorship for thirty-two years and with Dr. Salazar for thirty). *"O medo guarda a vinha,"* (literally: "Fear protects the vineyard,") a government functionary remarked in the course of a conversation yesterday. Specifically he meant that once the chief of an authoritarian state has managed to establish reliable fear reflexes in his subjects, he needs fewer policemen to help him keep order. But passive resistance is by no means an indication of spinelessness.

By winning the Presidential election, Contra-Almirante Américo Tomás insures the continuation in office of Doctor Salazar, who as Prime Minister is theoretically responsible to the President (but theoretically only). With the cards stacked so openly against the independent candidate, General Humberto Del-

THE AUTHOR of this article is an American who has been living in Portugal for the last several months and who accordingly has asked that his name be withheld.

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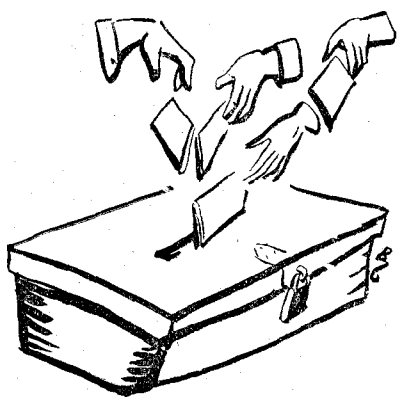
gado, it was inconceivable that he should be victorious, but the fact that everyone was aware of this did not diminish the nation-wide excitement attendant upon the election. General Delgado was the first opposition candidate in the history of the Salazar regime who did not withdraw his name before election day. "It is a great step for us to have found a man who dared to go ahead in the face of all kinds of intimidation, and formulate a platform advocating basic democratic rights," an enthusiastic student told me in the course of a café conversation. "Whatever happens to General Delgado after June 8, we will not forget what he has done for us."

ROUGHLY A SIXTH of the population was entitled to participate in the elections this year, and each voter was sent beforehand a ballot and an accompanying sheet of instructions from each of the two final candidates' headquarters. (The third candidate, Arlindo Vicente, withdrew in favor of General Delgado several weeks before the elections.) The ballots looked rather like wedding announcements and were folded once across the middle. General Delgado's instruction sheet stressed the necessity for boldness: "There is no reason to be afraid to cast this ballot." What he was trying to do, and what he undoubtedly succeeded in doing, was to make at least some people understand that a cynical and fatalistic attitude can lead only in the opposite direction from democracy, and that fear is the greatest shackle of all.

Those critics who claim that there is only one political party in Portugal are understating the case; it would be more accurate to say that there is none at all. Opposition headquarters exist only for a few weeks preceding the elections and are called *serviços de candidatura.* The Uniao Nacional, which is the Government, does not consider itself a party; the word *partido* is never used. Once a year the Uniao meets and listens to a speech by Doctor Salazar. One may wonder why the powers that be bother to go through the motions of permitting elections to be held at all. It is a matter of form: elections must take place and the public must give its vote of confidence by supporting the Government candidate. It is also useful for the Government to be able to point to the existence of freedom to form a temporary opposition, and then to stress the danger brought into being by such freedom and the necessity for restrictive measures. It would appear to be part of the official credo that "disorders" invariably follow upon the granting, however ephemeral, of any degree of political liberty. In 1950, for instance, a pro-democratic movement was allowed to take shape. Petitions were drawn up and circulated, ostensibly by an unofficial committee whose program was quietly critical of the regime, and which hoped, by impressing the Government with the number of signatures, to bring about certain reforms. The lists of names, however, by-passed the committee and found their way directly into the hands of the authorities, with the result that a good many people were imprisoned.

THE EVENTS of May 16 and 17 of this year are a more recent case in point. I have never seen a greater concentration of police anywhere than the one which filled the Avenida da Liberdade the afternoon of the 16th, when General Delgado arrived at the Estaçao do Rossio. In classical fashion, Delgado's supporters were first attacked by the official *agents-provocateurs,* and then fired upon by the police. (No deaths reported —only shattered tibiae and flesh-wounds.) The next day, the newspapers carried indignant editorials calling for measures to put an end to conditions permitting such "anarchy"; accordingly, Delgado's headquarters were subjected to the inevitable police raid. The following week he was to speak in Braga, site of the military revolt which in 1926 established the present regime, but the P.I.D.E. (International Police for the Defense of the State, popularly known as the "Gestapo") refused to grant permission for the meeting—a completely illegal prohibition since, with his rank of General, the candidate was not subject to decisions made by that body. The excuse given by the P.I.D.E. was that the meeting would have taken place on the day of the centenary of the founding of the shrine at Lourdes! The waiting crowd was not pleased when the General failed to appear, and voiced its discontent with slogans. Again, there were "disorders" and further repressive measures. This same pattern can be found in the Government's denial to General Delgado of the use of the radio and television system. At the outset of the campaign he was granted the privilege of speaking over the radio, but it was withdrawn when it became apparent that his popular support was a greater danger than had at first been supposed.



Oliveira Salazar

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There is nothing surprising in all this, nor yet in the fact that charges of communism were leveled at General Delgado because he demanded a general amnesty for all political prisoners and, more damning still, the revocation of the decrees suspending Article Eight of the Portuguese Constitution, which guarantees "liberty of expression in all forms, the right of assembly and reunion, the safeguarding against arrest without the preferring of charges" and "the inviolability of domicile," among other things—rights which have long been denied to the Portuguese people. He also promised openly that if he were elected to the Presidency his first act would be to replace Doctor Salazar with a new Prime Minister of his own choosing, and although this was obviously what the great interest in the elections was all about, it was considered very daring of him to announce his intention in so many words. In an era whose daily bread is violence, it is touching to see to what extent the gentle Portuguese were moved by what may appear to us a simple declaration of purpose, but which they were quite certain was a courageous appeal on his part to help them throw off their collective habit of fear. And because they are aware of the progress they have made in the moral sphere, it would not be exact to say that everything is the same as it was before the electoral "campaign." Nor would one attempt to predict the events which may arrive to modify the situation during the seven long years scheduled to go by before the next elections will be due.

THE MANIPULATED PRICE RISE . . *by Estes Kefauver*

IT IS REPORTED that steel companies plan to raise their prices on July 1. If they do so, it will be under circumstances difficult to justify, and the results are certainly not calculated to hasten economic recovery for the country as a whole.

Steel is an example of an "administered price," which is defined by Gardiner C. Means, economist who originated the phrase, as ". . . A price which is set by administrative action and held constant for a period of time. You have an administered price when a company maintains a posted price at which it will make sales or simply has its own prices at which buyers may purchase or not as they wish." [See "This Recession Is Different," by Gardiner C. Means, *The Nation*, May 17.] During the course of hearings on administered prices by the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, newspapermen employed the useful description that administered prices are those which are not set by the law of supply and demand.

Perhaps the best way to conceive of what is meant by the term is by contrasting an administered price with one set by the free play of market forces, i.e., a "market" price. Such a contrast is provided by a comparison of pig iron with steel scrap, both of which are used as raw materials in steelmaking. During the recessions of 1949, 1953-54 and 1957-58, the price of steel scrap behaved as a market price is expected to behave; it fell substantially in each downswing. In contrast, pig iron remained constant throughout 1949, increased in the latter part of 1953 and increased again in 1957.

It should be emphasized that administered prices are not undesirable *per se*. Many experts, Dr. Means among them, believe that they are more or less inevitable in a modern industrial economy. But what concerns some of us in the Senate is *how* they are administered.

In the steel industry, at least, they have for many years been administered in only one direction—upward. A chart, presented in the subcommittee's report on steel (S. Rept. No. 1387, 85th Cong., 1st Sess.), shows that since 1947 the price of steel has risen from year to year at almost a constant rate. It rose while unit labor costs were declining, and it rose while demand was falling. It is the antithesis of the behavior of automobile prices during the twenties, when Henry Ford, Sr., was expanding the market and creating vast new job opportunities by constantly reducing the price of his product.

In too many industries throughout the country—steel, automobiles, oil, to name but a few—the price policy of the elder Ford has been replaced by the restrictionist policy of modern big businessmen under which price increases are made in the face of falling demand and substantial excess capacity. In social terms, this type of behavior is difficult to defend on any conceivable grounds. A price policy which puts more money in the pockets of the producers while at the same time further depressing an already reduced level of demand and employment does not have much to commend it.

IN THE report of the subcommittee, it was estimated that the direct cost of the July, 1957, price increase to steel buyers (the third within a twelvemonth) was in the neighborhood of $540 million a year. The report estimated that since August, 1956, the three increases had added some $1.6 billion to the annual direct cost of steel shipments. The cost to the ultimate buyer is, of course, much higher, as fabricators and distributors pyramid the cost by applying their percentage markups to a higher price and as the increased cost of steel is reflected in items made of steel—machinery, equipment, buildings, transportation, etc.

In our examination into the 1957

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price increase, the subcommittee found that the increase in price was substantially in excess of the increase in labor costs resulting from the rise in wages and other benefits as provided for in the second year of the three-year contract between the steel companies and the United Steelworkers of America. On this point the report of the majority stated:

> A reasonable guess as to the magnitude of increased labor costs which have arisen from the July, 1957, adjustments in wages and other benefits, would fall somewhere between $2.50 and $3 per ton of finished steel. The margin between such a figure and the $6 per ton increase in steel prices would lie between $3 and $3.50 per ton.

The difference between the increase in direct costs and prices is even greater than this comparison would indicate. The price of steel scrap, an important element in steelmaking costs, had fallen in 1957 from its high point in the previous year. Using data obtained from the steel companies themselves, the subcommittee estimated that the amount saved by the steel companies as a result of the decrease in scrap prices was greater than the cost of the wage increase. The report stated:

> In other words, the estimated reduction in the cost of purchased scrap ($3.87 per ton of finished steel) from 1956 to September, 1957, has been more than enough to offset even a generous estimate of the increased labor costs incurred through the July 1 wage adjustments.

With prices increasing more than costs, the expectation would be that profits per ton of steel would rise. This is exactly what has happened, as is indicated by the following figures for the U.S. Steel Corporation:

	Net Income (after taxes) per ton of Steel Products Shipped
1952	$ 6.80
1953	8.85
1954	9.15
1955	14.51
1956	14.56
1957	17.91

Inasmuch as steel production was declining between 1956 and 1957, the only explanation for the increase in profits per ton from $14.56 to $17.91 is that prices rose more than costs. The profit figure of $17.91 per ton for the year 1957 is an all-time high and compares with an average annual profit per ton of $6.90 during the twenties, $1.84 during the thirties and $6.78 during the forties (excluding the war years).

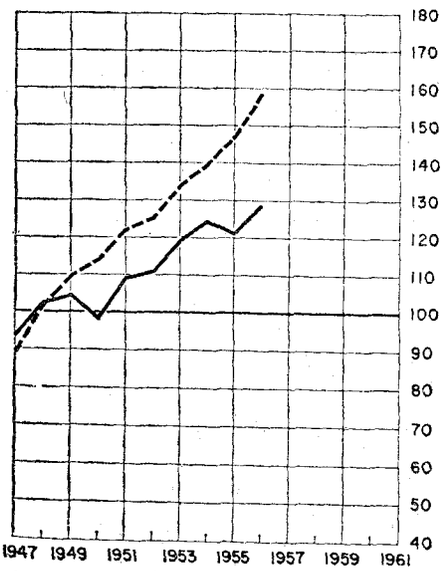
IN A PRESUMABLY competitive industry, the question obviously arises as to how prices can in fact rise when demand is falling. If the price is raised, is it not reasonable to presume that there will be at least one substantial producer who will not go along with the increase? He would reap the benefit of his moderation by taking customers away from his competitors, thereby increasing his sales, reducing his overhead costs and swelling his profits. But this is not in fact what occurred in the steel industry, the oil industry, the automobile industry, or in any other industry examined by our subcommittee.

In all these various fields, the price leader sets the pace and the other producers follow more or less in lockstep. In our investigations, we found that the price increases by the other steel firms in the summer of 1957 were identical in nearly every instance with those established by the U. S. Steel Corp. Not a single instance was found in which a major producer ended up with a lower price for any steel product than the U. S. Steel price.

This parallelism of behavior was rationalized by the steel companies on the grounds that they were simply "meeting competition." This is an argument which has some force when the direction of the price change is downward. Obviously, if U. S. Steel reduces its price, the other steel companies must do likewise or lose business. But a number of Senators, including myself, were hard put to it to understand how the same line of reasoning could apply when the direction of change was upward. We could not quite understand why it was necessary for the other steel producers to raise their prices by the same amount and to the exact same level as U. S. Steel in order to be "competitive." We expressed the thought that they would be more competitive if they raised their price slightly *less* than U. S. Steel. The practice of increasing prices in order to "meet competition" was referred to by Senator O'Mahoney as "upside-down competition."

Our difficulty in understanding this rationalization was intensified by the admission on the part of the steel companies that different steel firms had different costs. We could not understand why Bethlehem and National, which had higher profit rates than U. S. Steel and were apparently somewhat more efficient in their operations, found it necessary to raise their prices by the same amount as U. S. Steel. Moreover, Bethlehem and National are the nation's largest producers of certain particular steel products. On these products we could not understand why they permitted U. S. Steel, a lesser producer, to act as the price leader.

FUNDAMENTALLY, our inability to understand these questions must be attributed to our difficulty in understanding the steel industry's concept of competition. This concept was nowhere more clearly set forth than by Roger Blough, Chairman of the Board of U. S. Steel, when he explained that "a price that matches



Steel Industry: Trend of Unit Labor Costs and Prices, 1947-56, from Report of Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly (dotted line indicates prices).

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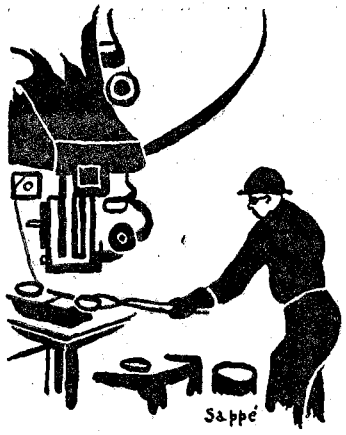

another price is a competitive price." The following exchange took place on this point between Mr. Blough and myself:

> *Senator Kefauver.* Mr. Blough, do you regard it as true competition when another company matches your price to a thousandth of a cent per pound, or you match some other company's price to a thousandth of a cent per pound? Wouldn't it be more competitive if there were at least some slight difference in these prices?
>
> *Mr. Blough.* . . . My concept is that a price that matches another price is a competitive price. If you don't choose to accept that concept, then of course, you don't accept it. In the steel industry we know it is so.

A minute later he amplified his statement:

> I would say that the buyer in that situation who has a choice—remember now, I am talking about our published prices—the buyer in that situation has this choice. He chooses to buy from one company at $5 higher. He chooses to buy from our company at $5 lower. Now if you call that competition and a desirable form of competition, you may have it your way. *I say the buyer has more choice when the other fellow's price matches our price.* (Emphasis added.)
>
> *Senator Kefauver.* That's a new definition of competition that I have never heard.

Mr. Blough likened U. S. Steel's pricing practices with those of R. H. Macy. In reply I commented:

> When Macy's increases the price of any given product, it has no certain knowledge whatever that Gimbels is going to increase its prices by a like amount.
>
> In other words, its area of discretion in price-making is strongly limited not only by the presence of Gimbels but by Gimbels' conspicuous independent behavior. But when U.S. Steel raises its price, it does so with the almost certain knowledge, based on years of experience, that its so-called competitors will make the same increase. . . . Would Mr. Blough say that Macy's and Gimbels are not in competition because their prices are different? Would he say that New Yorkers would have the benefit of greater competition, of greater freedom of choice, if the prices of Macy's and Gimbels were invariably identical? . . . If Macy's and Gimbels turned to what we have heard here about the steel industry, then a new Macy's slogan might wave over Herald Square, "Our prices are always exactly as high as Gimbels'!"

IN RECENT WEEKS, the trade journals have been filled with articles concerning the necessity and indeed the inevitability of a further increase in steel prices, of which an article appearing in the May 12 issue of the magazine *Steel* is typical:

> The steel prices will probably be advanced $4 to $6 a ton . . . on July 1, industry observers tell *Steel*. . . . With ingot production at its lowest level in years, steelmakers have serious misgivings about a price hike. The move might alienate public opinion, put added pressures on customers' profits, and draw fire from Washington. It could result in the loss of business to competing metals and foreign mills.

So the steelmakers are getting set to boost prices despite misgivings. In conditioning the public, the pattern followed in 1957 is being repeated this year. The steel producers put forward a high figure as the amount of the increase they "need" to cover their increased costs, but then indicate magnanimously that they will try to get along with a somewhat lesser amount. In 1957, the amount "needed" to cover the cost increases was stated to be in the vicinity of $12-$14 per ton; the actual increase was $6 per ton. This year the amount "needed" is said to be around $10 a ton, while the amount which they indicate they will settle for is $4 to $6. In this way the American people are being made aware of their good fortune in having to pay out, say, only three or four hundred million dollars more for steel in the next twelve months instead of twice that amount.

If the past is to be any guide to the future, the steel companies will lay the responsibility for the price increase at the door of labor. The third year of the contract between the union and the steel companies does call for a wage increase in July of this year. Once again the question will be posed as to whether the price increase is greater than the wage increase; and, if so, by how much. This process could go on and on until the steel workers are paid munificent sums—for the few days' work they might have each year—and the steel companies have priced themselves out of the market.

THE PRINCIPAL significance of these price increases in steel, autos, oil and other administered-price industries is their effect in aggravating the current recession. Economists seem to be in substantial agreement that the pivotal factor setting off the current downswing was the decrease in outlays for capital goods. They also seem to be in agreement that to a large extent this decrease in business expenditures for new plant and equipment was more or less inevitable. It was inevitable because most industries had already expanded their facilities to such a point that their capacity is substantially in excess of probable demand.

If the economy is not to sink to even lower levels, it is essential that this decrease in capital outlays be offset by an increase in consumption. But how can real consumer buying power be expected to increase if prices are raised? Instead of offsetting the decrease in capital goods expenditures, the price increases in administered-price industries will cause sales in these industries to go down, thereby aggravating the general decline. And if both capital goods expenditures and the volume of goods bought by consumers go down together, we are headed for real trouble.

Increases in administered prices are also significant with relation to

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public policy on taxation and government expenditure. Proposals to stimulate our lagging economy through the reduction of taxes or the expansion of public works are often opposed on the grounds that they would touch off another round of inflation. But this argument ignores the reality that we will probably continue to have price inflation anyway; the only thing that will change will be the *rationale* for the price increases. If demand increases as a result of a tax cut or an increase in government spending, the large corporations in the administered-price industries will raise prices because of the "pressure" of demand on supply. If there is no tax cut and demand continues to lag, they will raise prices because costs have risen, as overhead costs are spread over a smaller number of units. On February 20, the retiring president of the American Paper and Pulp Association remarked: "The nation's paper makers will be forced to raise prices if operations continue to lag."

The probabilities are that because of the control over price exercised by the large corporations in the administered-price industries, we're going to have inflation with or without a tax cut. But inflation in a full-employment economy makes better sense and causes less hardship than in an economy with substantial and increasing unemployment.

I DO NOT want to leave the impression, however, that inflation is inevitable. Price increases can be arrested in several ways: by restraint on the part of producers, by some form of government control, or by restoring the administered-price industries to conditions approaching those of true competition. Thus far, I have seen little evidence of the first. Moderation, particularly in the matter of price policy, seems to have become a forgotten virtue among the ranks of our large corporations.

In my view, direct public control over price, which implies some sort of public-utility regulation, should be regarded as a last resort, and a not very desirable one at that. Not only is there a tendency for the regulated to become the regulators, but in some instances the regulatory agency comes to look upon itself as the protector of the industry which it is supposed to control. The history of public-utility regulation is a history of power, pressure and influence brought to bear upon the regulating body, with all too often a distressing degree of success. It is a history of the destruction of the public-spirited official who attempts to protect the public interest against the power of the regulated enterprise. It is a history of the emigration of the top officials from the regulatory body to the regulated corporation at salaries which they cannot afford to refuse. It is interesting to note that former officials of the Office of Price Administration of World War II and of the Office of Price Stabilization of the Korean conflict seldom have a good word to say for direct price control as a permanent policy.

Conceptually, antitrust is the antithesis of direct price regulation in that it would destroy monopoly rather than accept its existence and try to control it. In that sense, it is the more far-reaching approach. Its wellsprings of support have traditionally been the independent entrepreneurial class—farmers and small businessmen.

Of course many arguments are made against the antitrust approach, the principal one being that it runs counter to the requirements of efficiency and innovation. In recent years the efficiency argument has appeared to lose some of its force as it has become increasingly apparent that the size of our modern corporate giants is far beyond any conceivable requirements of efficiency. Moreover, there is some evidence that the trend of technology has reversed itself and is now *reducing* the size of plant required for efficient operation. Interesting examples of these new technologies in the steel industry—direct reduction of ore, continuous casting of ingots, and small-scale planetary rolling mills—were presented before our subcommittee during the course of our hearings. As to innovations, the recently-published study by Professor John Jewkes, *The Sources of Invention,* reveals that they still arise principally from independent inventors and smaller firms. The publicity given to the white-robed scientists in the laboratories of the great corporations has been somewhat in excess of their actual contributions. The recent inquiries into technological trends and innovations impose on all thinking persons the obligation to look again at antitrust.

THERE is one other approach which, while it may not be a final solution, has much to commend it at the present time. This is the use of the spotlight of publicity. The managers of the large corporations, who spend large amounts of money in cultivating good public relations, do not welcome public disclosure of profiteering on their part. Publicity in the form of disclosures of their costs, prices and profits would be, and indeed on several occasions in the past has been, an effective instrument in inducing management to adopt policies of moderation in their pricing.

One thing, however, is clear. The widespread practice of raising prices in the face of declining demand, declining production and declining employment must in some way be brought to a halt. On this point we should give close attention to the words of Dr. Ludwig Erhard, the West German Republic's Vice Chancellor and Minister of the Economy. In its issue of June 9, *Life* contains an article by Dr. Erhard, whom it describes as "a brilliant former economics professor who more than any other single man is responsible for his country's phenomenal business comeback." In this article, based on his observations during a recent tour of the United States, Dr. Erhard says:

> It is also necessary in a free economy to keep prices flexible so that they will respond to market fluctuations. The one alarming symptom I have observed in the American economy is the decline in production coinciding with a rise in prices. Any real entrepreneurial activity implies the risk of loss as well as the chance of profit. It is therefore against the spirit of free enterprise to raise prices in an attempt to maintain profits at a certain standard, regardless of production and sales. The present situation offers businessmen an excellent chance to get prepared for the competition of tomorrow, and they should make full use of it.

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MYTH of the POWERFUL WORKER

Each decade has its special myths. Those of our day have been fostered by long-continued prosperity. Just as there is a myth of the happy worker, so there is the myth that labor's long, historic battle for recognition was won for all time in the climactic struggles of the 1930s. Sensational investigations of highly improper practices in the labor-management field foster this misconception by diverting attention from labor's frustrated efforts to organize Southern textile plants to piquant details in the life of Dave Beck.

Similarly, high levels of employment (pre-recession) and wages have masked the fact that the status of labor has undergone strange permutations since the adoption of the Taft-Hartley Act. These changes have not come about as a sudden cataclysm or disaster, but as the result of a slow, often imperceptible, highly complicated legal-administrative process. The dramatic labor incidents of the 1930s could not fail to grip public interest; the arcane evolution which has been going on since has escaped public notice. Riots, massacres and strikes can be photographed, but there is no way of photographing the erosion of labor's legal position in the last decade—a process which even labor lawyers despair of explaining to their clients.

With this in mind, we asked Harvey Swados, who reported on "The Myth of the Happy Worker" in our issue of August 17, 1957, to explode the myth of the "powerful" worker—to undertake, in other words, to show how labor's status has been *retrogressing*, and to make this retrogression vivid and meaningful in terms of human values.

The first article in this two-part feature, appearing below, deals with the labor situation at the grass roots. Mr. Swados chose Winchester, Virginia, for his close-up look at what happens nowadays when labor seeks to organize. His second article, to appear in our next issue, will be written from Washington, D.C., and will deal with the administrative perversion of the NLRB.

THE EDITORS

1. Taft-Hartley Shows Its Teeth . . *by Harvey Swados*

Winchester, Virginia

A SMALL GROUP of unhappy and bewildered Americans is gathered musingly about a little table in a trailer parked beside a gas station on the outskirts of this quiet, pleasant Shenandoah Valley town. The town, called the Apple Capital by its boosters, is the homeplace of Senator Harry F. Byrd, who owns something like 2 per cent of all the apple trees in the United States. The Americans, seated uncomfortably on a broken-springed couch and three kitchen chairs beneath a couple of girlie calendars and a scrawled reminder of an impending meeting of their local union, munch on hamburgers and southern-style beans (the trailer is mostly a cookhouse, with a refrigerator and a little rotisserie), and ponder the fact that a trial examiner for the National Labor Relations Board has just ruled that they are violating the Taft-Hartley Act. They have been on strike against the O'Sullivan Rubber Company for over two years, and after having been disenfranchised in a decertification election, they are now advised that they cannot continue picketing the plant down the road, and that their international union, the Rubber Workers, which has been giving them $25 a week strike benefits so that they do not go hungry or lose their homes or possessions, must cease and desist from its nation-wide boycott of O'Sullivan products.

While they stare at each other, lined-faced family men, toothless oldsters, motherly widows and shy young women, wondering how it came about that all the power of the federal government seems to be invoked against them simply because of their desire for decent relations with their employer, a professor of economics from Harvard University is testifying in Washington before the subcommittee on labor of the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare. The nation's capital is only two hours to the east, across a green and lovely Virginia countryside dotted with baronial estates devoted to the raising of fine horses and fine cattle; but those who sit in the high-ceilinged committee room just down the hall from Senator Byrd's office might be on another planet, a million light years from the baffled strikers in Byrd's hometown. Senators Kennedy, Goldwater, Ives and Morse are listening quietly and politely to a parade of academic and professionally-interested witnesses from both sides of the fence expounding their ideas on new legislation affecting the NLRB and the Taft-Hartley Act.

The economist, Professor Edward H. Chamberlin, is telling them that "Organized labor is on the whole rather well up the income scale, yet the anachronism that labor is downtrodden and deserving of some special kind of public sympathy carries on. It derives, in part, from a cultural lag."

The professor may not have the sympathy of all his listeners in the committee room, but there are others besides the National Association of Manufacturers (which commends him to the readers of the N.A.M. *News*) who hold to his position: indeed there are times when one might suspect that he speaks not only for the conservative Right, but also for the host of former friends of labor and ex-radicals who smile wearily when they are informed that there are still embattled strikers in this golden land. And the casual visitor to Washington who pads from one marble palace of labor to another through the acres of broadloom, from the incredible Teamsters Union Taj Mahal to the hardly more credible temple of the Union of Operating Engineers to the plushy Inter-

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national Association of Machinists building to the well-appointed Philip Murray building to the quietly luxurious AFL-CIO building, might be pardoned for thinking — unless he troubles to discover that there are still some dedicated and worried men working for their ideals amid all the opulence—that the professor is right and that "labor" — that great abstraction — has reached the promised land after all.

THE O'SULLIVAN strikers of Local 511 do not think so, but even though they have a clothing depot set up to receive gifts from those who care, they are not pressing the point that they are "downtrodden and deserving of some special kind of public sympathy." They do a lot of hunting for deer and small game, a lot of fishing for everything from herring to trout, a lot of odd jobs around the town; they hold bake sales to raise money for things that the union can't afford to provide, like school books for the kids; and although it is hard to find steady work (always the ostensible reason is that they would be only temporary until the strike ended), nobody is going hungry. But people like Mrs. Martha Webster, a gentle, tired widow who went to work for O'Sullivan with her brother and her brother-in-law twenty-seven years ago, and who had never heard of unions until she joined the one that she now supports ardently, as an embattled striker; Mrs. Carrie Boyd, a jolly widow who is mostly Cherokee, seldom reads the papers but knows what she is fighting for after some fourteen years as an O'Sullivan worker; Arthur and Asa Smith, who helped build the plant back in the twenties and put in about thirty years of their lives there before going on strike; Charles Rittenour, who when he went on strike was making $1.30 an hour after eleven years at O'Sullivan, and whose face is a little more lined now because his oldest boy (he has five children) has leukemia; and Bruce Muse, who started in at O'Sullivan twenty-five years ago at 15c an hour, making $1.87 for a twelve-and-a-half-hour day, and going around to his friends' homes evenings to try to talk union after the twelve-and-a-half hours were over —these people are the victims of a piece of legislation most of them had never heard of. After having voted 343 to 2 to affiliate with their union, and 355 to 2 to strike, they found themselves the targets not only of an intransigent company, but also of an apparently implacable and vindictive government as well. What is more, they are not merely the fluke victims of an accidental legal clause (which the new Kennedy bill would repeal): millions of American workers are now being victimized in one way or another by the Taft-Hartley law, which is now being applied so rigorously by the Eisenhower-appointed NLRB that even back in 1954 *Business Week* was saying, "from a practical standpoint, it's obvious that T-H has changed in operation."

To understand why, it is necessary to recapitulate a bit of the Winchester experience, as well as that of workers in other places and other industries who are suffering as a result of legislation and administration which had hitherto engaged their attention less deeply than had the private life of the Prince of Monaco. It is difficult even for a more sophisticated individual than a Virginia worker-housewife to understand what Section 9(c)(3) is going to mean personally until the paychecks stop.

IN APRIL, 1956, the NLRB certified the United Rubber Workers as exclusive bargaining agent for O'Sullivan workers, after the 343-2 election. Negotiations followed, but there was disagreement on the question of a general wage increase (the company average was 40c to 60c an hour below similar organized shops), and the employees struck the plant on May 13 after the 355-2 secret strike vote. The company immediately began to recruit strikebreakers from the West Virginia hills (it is a commentary on conditions in the area that people were willing to scab on their neighbors for $1.25 an hour), and to pepper the strikers with telegrams urging their immediate return on penalty of job forfeiture.

At this point the strikers — the vast majority of whom had never before belonged to a union, paid much attention to politics, or even voted—had their first collision with the majesty of the law. The State of Virginia, not ordinarily noted for its social pioneering, had been one of the first to pass a "right-to-work" law. Under its terms, the strikers were hardly allowed so much as a frown as they stood at the gates, surrounded by state police, and watched the sheltered newcomers going in to take over work that they had been doing for upwards of a quarter of a century.

"We never thought that it would last more than a day or two," says one of the lady strikers, "or that the company would be so glad to be rid of us after all those years we put in for them. Actually, we should have given the scabs the same reception that Nixon got down in South America—but then, there was the right-to-work law, and those state police."

From that point on the company was in the driver's seat. It prolonged negotiations, broke them off, rejected the assistance of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, resumed negotiations, stalled again, meanwhile hiring about 200 new employees. In January, 1957, the Rubber Workers Union inaugurated a consumer boycott of O'Sullivan, the first such boycott ever undertaken by the union in all its history. The company, which had obviously been reading the fine print, filed a new election petition with the NLRB in April and a decertification petition in May.

Now, according to Section 9(c)(3) of Taft-Hartley, "No election shall be directed in any bargaining

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unit or any subdivision within which, in the preceding twelvemonth period, a valid election shall have been held. Employees on strike who are not entitled to reinstatement shall not be eligible to vote. . . ." Thereupon, the year having elapsed and the strikers having been replaced, the NLRB disfranchised the O'Sullivan strikers and, with majestic impartiality, proceeded to poll the strikebreakers, who voted 288 to 5 against the union.

This may seem a little unfair. Indeed, this peculiar provision in a law ostensibly designed for "encouraging the practice and procedure of collective bargaining and by protecting the exercise by workers of full freedom of association, self-organization, and designation of representatives of their own choosing," was so designated by President Eisenhower. He pledged an A. F. of L. convention in 1952 (six weeks before Election Day, to be sure): "I know the [Taft-Hartley] law might be used to break unions. That must be changed. America wants no law licensing union-busting. Neither do I."

Even if the President were to strain every nerve and sinew to keep this pledge, which is not exactly what he has done, it is an open question whether the Congresses which have followed his noble words would have contented themselves in their labor legislation with simply striking out the ineffable Section 9(c)(3), which had distressed even Senator Taft himself.

BUT THIS was only the beginning of the education of the O'Sullivan strikers. In October, 1957, the O'Sullivan company returned to the NLRB to charge that the union, by conducting its picketing, and engaging in its consumer boycott of O'Sullivan products, was in violation of Section 8(b)(1)(A). This section reads: "It shall be an unfair labor practice for a labor organization or its agents to restrain or coerce employees in the exercise of the rights guaranteed in Section 7. . . ."

So, in February of this year, the NLRB issued a complaint and on May 15, the trial examiner, finding no merit in the union's claim that it was no longer seeking recognition, but was simply exercising its right of free speech by displaying such picket signs as

WARNING
PENALTY FOR STRIKEBREAKING
A LIFETIME OF SHAME AND REGRET
URW ON STRIKE AFL-CIO
ON STRIKE MAY 1956 to ?
DON'T BUY O'SULLIVAN PRODUCTS
HEELS MADE BY A COMPANY WITHOUT A SOUL

recommended that the union cease and desist from "restraining and coercing employees of O'Sullivan Rubber Corporation in the exercise of rights guaranteed by Section 7 of the Act by picketing said Company for the purpose of obtaining recognition and a contract . . .", cease and desist from "conducting a boycott campaign against the Company's products . . .", post in conspicuous places a formal notice that they are so ceasing and desisting, mail such notices to the NLRB for posting on O'Sullivan bulletin boards as well, publish in the *United Rubber Worker* a notice that the boycott is over, and notify the Regional Director of the steps taken to comply.

IN WINCHESTER, the strikers drift in and out of their trailer on their way to go fishing or to look at the picket line down the road in front of the plant where they had put in so many years, and they wonder aloud why their noses are being rubbed in it.

"I never was one for politics," muses a gray-haired lady as she bends over the icebox to get out some food for the menfolks. "It's a little hard for me to understand why the whole government seems to be so determined to be against us. I know the company would do most anything, but the government. . . ."

But by and large the strikers are more sophisticated now. They know that the trial examiner's recommendations must go to the NLRB in Washington, that their union will appeal, that the case will probably wind up in the courts, and that precedent is against them. They know that all they can do is grit their teeth and hang on; they are caught in a box, and thank God for the union. They also know that in a sense they have themselves to blame for never having bothered all their lives to pay their poll tax.

"What for?" demands Maurice Miller, president of the local. "To vote for Byrd and his boys? We never had a choice, so we never bothered with the head tax. But now we've learned the hard way—I'd say we're close to a hundred per cent registered, and we're paying our COPE dollars so the unions can get into politics and see if we can scare up a couple pro-labor men to run in this neck of the woods."

Framed in the doorway of the trailer, a long-faced striker stares up at Miller and says, in the deliberate way of men in these parts, "I swear to you, I'd soona vote for the blackest nigga in the State of Virginia than for a Byrd man. Hope to die if that ain't true. They took us for granted because they could ignore us, and we took them for granted because we didn't know any betta."

WITH ALL due respect to the O'Sullivan strikers, they could win no more than a footnote in any balanced account of contemporary America if they represented only themselves. But in January, 1956, the employees of Machinery Overhaul Corp. at Palmdale, California, voted 65-28 to be represented by the International Association of Machinists. After protracted negotiations the union struck, and after the required year's wait, the company, having in the meantime hired a shop full of strikebreakers, demanded decertification of the union: all too predictably, the strikebreakers voted 90-1 against the union. Again all too predictably, the NLRB found thereafter that the IAM, by continuing picketing, had committed unfair labor practices in violation of good old Section 8(b)(1)(A). In April, 1958, the strikers were ordered by the NLRB to cease and desist from picketing the shop where they had formerly constituted two-thirds of the employees. All of these strikebreaking decisions, it

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should be noted, stem from last year's startling *Curtis Brothers* decision, which reversed past precedent favorable to unions, and which dissenting NLRB member Murdock characterized in these words: "The majority's erroneous interpretation of Section 8(b)(1)(A) seems to be prompted in large part by its desire to censure the union's conduct and find some section which can be utilized to ban it."

It is plain fact that thousands of organized (and countless unorganized) workers all over the country are suffering from the Taft-Hartley law and its interpretation by the Republican-appointed NLRB; they are suffering in ways to be spelled out in the next article.

THE YEAR 5000 . . *by George Kirstein*

THE ARCHAEOLOGIST told the visitor at the excavation site, "You can tell very little about their religion from digging around these ruins. We do know that they built their major temples in the form of a cross. For many years we thought that they were sun-worshipers and the temples faced the rising sun. But recent excavations at Chartres in France and Salisbury in England indicate that the temples were not built in an East-West axis, so we have modified our views. It is very difficult from archaeological research alone to determine their form of worship, and of course no records have come down to us. What the cross symbolized, we have no idea."

"But they had a fairly advanced civilization, did they not?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, yes," the archaeologist replied, "when you consider that the Great Carnage took place about 3,000 years ago, you have to give them credit for their achievements. They apparently had a fine system of roads. We have found remains in America which are very well-preserved; they used artificial stone and metal. Some of their cities were of tremendous size, also an indication of technical proficiency."

"Were their arts and crafts developed at all?" the visitor inquired.

"They had quite a culture in painting, but it was somewhat earlier. In Johannesburg, at the time of the Bloody Revolt, we managed to save prints of some paintings done by artists on the Italian Peninsula, but there are many reasons to believe that the originals are much older—dating back, perhaps to 500 or 600 years before the Great Carnage. Of course, we have no record of their literature. Even their language was lost. Unfortunately for the science of archaeology, long ago when our African ancestors succeeded in the Bloody Revolt, they apparently slaughtered every white man, woman and child on our continent and ruthlessly destroyed all remnants of the white culture. You can't blame them, in a way, because there must have been very few whites dominating this whole continent. After the Great Carnage, no whites existed on either the American or European continents. Actually, even our African ancestors must have been decimated by those huge explosions, but as you well know, some survived and rebuilt civilization."

"It was a war, the so-called Great Carnage, that wiped out the whites, was it not?" the visitor inquired.

"Apparently a series of wars, one more dreadful than the last. Finally, about 3,000 years ago, all the whites eliminated themselves. A very few survived in various parts of the world, and we use them now for menial tasks which they are capable of performing." The archaeologist pointed at two white men who were digging at the excavation under the direction of the group of scholars.

"An inferior race, are they not?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, yes," the archaeologist replied. "Our anthropologists tell us that their heads are smaller, which means that they have a smaller brain and, therefore, less intelligence. We try to treat them well, but of course our religion forbids us ever to let them hold political power. Like most religious beliefs, I suppose this one originated logically enough. Probably it arose from dread of their warlike qualities if they were ever permitted self-government again."

"Do we know enough of their civilization to explain the causes of their never-ceasing wars?"

"Not really, but we can speculate. We believe they knew a good deal about the physical sciences, but unfortunately they gained this knowledge prior to any real understanding of the behavioral sciences. Apparently they knew almost nothing of the workings of the human mind, but they had solved many of the problems pertaining to matter and energy. They apparently had no sensible way of coping with these physical discoveries. Since our forefathers were wise enough to pass on this history, we have concentrated on the behavioral sciences and, until a few centuries ago, we forbade research in physical science altogether. As a result, we are now equipped to handle new discoveries about matter logically."

THE diggers in the excavation had obviously uncovered something of interest while the archaeologist and the visitor had been talking. A small group gathered around the two white diggers who were brushing the dust off a stone plaque. One of the workmen showed the stone to the archaeologist, saying, "Here is another one of those plaques, professor, with the hieroglyphics on it."

"Fine," said the archaeologist, "we'll send it along to the Johannesburg Museum to see whether they can decode it."

He turned to his visitor and explained, "We find these stones at many of the excavation sites. We believe the hieroglyphics are religious slogans of the white civilization. Scholars are trying to decipher them and this discovery may furnish a missing clue."

The visitor examined the stone plaque with interest. Cut into the imperishable material were the symbols:

THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT
THE EARTH

"They carved very well," the visitor said.

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The Heart Has Its Reasons

THE LONG MARCH. By Simone de Beauvoir. World Publishing Co. 513 pp. $7.50.

Joseph R. Levenson

IN THE fall of 1955, Simone de Beauvoir accepted an invitation tendered at Bandung and made a six-weeks' tour of China. She is sensitive about the six weeks, the interpreters, etc., and right at the beginning of this invincibly friendly account of the journey she smartly blackens the eyes under anyone's quizzical eyebrows. If, for example, M. Guillain, whose newspaper-financed reports on the country had been somewhat damper than hers, should doubt the objectivity of anyone carried through China at government expense, then the low price Guillain sets on honesty is plain to see. A good offense, they say, is the best defense, and Mlle. de Beauvoir is persistently offensive.

At this point someone may remark that the reviewer clearly deplores New China, hence means to discredit an enthusiast. But—as de Beauvoir says so often, setting up some imbecile detractor for the riposte — what vitiates the book for me is not the regime, which had provocation in its coming and has achievements to its credit. Rather, it is the performance of the author, praising on and on, both where praise is due and where praise had best be subdued for a while. There is nothing she will not take, and she takes all the time.

Now, if I may impute motives with a shadow of de Beauvoir's freedom, I would say that, quite like the sinophiles of the Enlightenment, her subject is really France and the French intellectual scene. China, for one thing, is the Goddess of Reason's gift to a mandarin coterie (French division) embarrassed by Russia, yet repelled by America and by the bourgeoisie of France. A formally non-Communist Left intelligentsia needs, for its sense of intellectual stature, to be above the battle of the unrespectable titans (travesty of "engagement," perhaps, but vindication of philosophic standing); and China, distinguished from Russia and comfortingly antithetical to the United States, is the land of heart's desire. As de Beauvoir says, her "vision was of rose" before she went; "travelers who had found Moscow austere had extolled the loveliness of Peking."

The subjectivity of her approach, the predisposition she brought to China are most apparent in her sentimental impressionism. The ubiquitous blue clothes and black hair of the Peking population go so well together, "blend so happily with the lights and shadows of the city that there are moments when you would think you were walking through a scene from Cézanne. But this crowd's unity stems from a deeper source: nobody is arrogant here, nobody is grabby, nobody feels himself above or below anybody else. . . ." How *can* she know this? There must be some extra-Chinese commitment to bring an ordinarily cool, keen thinker to this mawkish hyperbole, above and beyond the call of a spokesman for any earthly regime.

And how can she know *this*: "No citizen in China is bothered on account of his opinions"? No six weeks' (forgive me) observation could possibly yield the evidence. De Beauvoir has copied a hand-out into her notes. The same observer who is rightly so scornful of the paper codes of the Nanking (Kuomintang) Republic briskly sweeps away, with a quote from a piece of paper, anyone's nagging doubts about personal security in People's China: "*Article 89 of the Constitution* — 'The individual liberty of the citizens of the People's Republic of China is inviolable. . . .'" This is a remarkably respectful attitude for that critical intelligence which on other pages notes the sham in France, in America, sometimes even in Russia. The heart has its reasons.

HERE is another fragment of her sentimental education. Some children, de Beauvoir tells us, fretting at the paucity of good reading for the young, invited writers to a tea and recited a little poem. It ran something like this: "Shame on you writers! How do you expect us to thrive on this skimpy fare?" Oh excellent children! Dare we wonder whether anyone itched to smack a bottom? We do not dare — at our backs we hear de Beauvoir suggesting that perhaps we prefer illiterates, and the girls' feet bound, and all the children of the tea party grinding away in satanic old-Shanghai mills. For de Beauvoir's main theme of sweet song is fitted out with a growling counterpoint. Chinese life can be beautiful, any good heart must be touched, but de Beauvoir, who can canonize with a glance a whole park full of People's-Chinese, knows that in the class-ridden world beyond the Garden there are plenty of moral monsters. "Like it or not," she says intimidatingly, "there is a happiness in the air." Who but a monster would like that not? The beautiful Peking Hotel, where she hears a little Chinese girl practicing Bach, was once the headquarters of an Anglo-French club, where the bored, jaded white elite used to swill away their boredom and flaunt their jades and occasionally, for fun, go down and urinate on the corner policeman. Which do you choose, readers, Bach or bestiality? And remember, these are symbolic of larger alternatives; for de Beauvoir, after all, is a literata who knows what an image can do for an abstraction.

Finally, after a horrendous image, she makes the abstraction plain, and brings the lesson home to France,

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from which she has never strayed. One M. Dransard had written admiringly of a Chinese "Nut King" who responded to government indictments by throwing a banquet for his employees and their families, and poisoning them and himself. "Supreme protest" writes the monster, Dransard, "impossible for an honest man to live in this society." De Beauvoir comments: "Not all of Mao Tse-tung's enemies share M. Dransard's amiable naïveté; but their indictments are framed in the same spirit: dishonesty is the sacrosanct prerogative of the rich bourgeois, by definition an *honnête homme*."

DE BEAUVOIR's animus toward the bourgeoisie and the world it made, then, explains her *carte blanche* for China. She makes demurrers now and then, but this is a morality in which everything turns out all right. In one way or another, her toy doubts are laid away.

One of the ways we may call the *nos quoque* with an extra spin. "In Shanghai and Canton . . . , without our having asked, we were shown through overcrowded and poor sections, the equivalents of which are passed over in delicate silence by the Baedekers to bourgeois countries." "Homogeneity" (we're back with those universal blue clothes) "does not signify sameness. As a matter of fact I know of no place where uniformity reigns so thoroughly and to such disastrous effect as in the better districts and drawing rooms of Paris, where the individual indefatigably manifests his class and is devoured by it." On informers: "Go see whether the French crowd does not raise the hue and cry when a ragamuffin is seen filching a jar of marmalade. This cooperation with the police seems more shocking to me here in our country where the law is determined by the interests of a class than where justice is made to correspond to the welfare of the people." On enforced conformism in literature: "What do we have in France to be proud of? . . . True Confessions to comic strips, slicks, pulps, formulas, slants . . . bourgeois pap. . . ."

Any criticism not buried under a suggestion that they order these things worse in France is made only to call attention to the Communists' wisdom and open-mindedness in bringing in correctives. De Beauvoir, caught right in the middle of the "Hundred Flowers" spurious mildness, sees those penetrating dialecticians wisely permitting idealism to expose itself to materialism, whose strength, which is truth, will bring it fairly to triumph: "If materialism is one day to overcome idealism, the issue will be settled by two healthy adversaries; both must be left free to develop. Never has a popular democracy carried liberalism so far."

De Beauvoir's reservations generally seem like set pieces, in which she fades very fast from penetrating questioner to mere interlocutor: doubting comments are fed in order that official answers may obliterate the doubts. De Beauvoir wonders, for example, whether there may not be a conflict between the workers' interest and that of production. *Regime*: These necessarily agree. *De Beauvoir* (boldly): Might not the plan expect too much from the worker, should not the union's function be to defend his immediate interest? *Regime* (louder): No conflict, the plan being arrived at with the assent of the workers. *De Beauvoir* (all passion spent): This is true, they are not reduced to a situation in which only passive obedience is asked of them. Management and workers figure out work norms together. But still, still, occasionally Stakhanovist pressures *are* put on. But (quick shift) this danger is seen and has been frankly discussed in a published play. Liberal regime, which lets problems be plainly voiced and squarely faced! Lost somewhere in the underbrush is de Beauvoir's tentative worry about the nature of Chinese labor unions.

Like other observers, de Beauvoir gives us vivid testimony of China's drive for industrialization. What we really need, however, in this connection, is a competent, orderly economic study, not one more in a long stream of travelers' talks with foreman Wang, and how his eyes sparkled as he dreamed of the first all-Chinese automobile. For the rest, de Beauvoir presents interesting reflections on love, marriage and the family, and a great deal of potted history. There are no egregious errors in the latter, but when all is said and done it is a record of her home work. Why should trees be slaughtered so that an autodidact in her new field may spread abroad her notes from standard sources?

STILL, this is a lesser matter. The great curse of the book is its hectoring, blackmailing truculence: anyone, it implies, who feels repelled by its tone of abandoned affirmation must be a spokesman for the old order, one who wants to get those dogs and Chinese out of the Shanghai parks again, who winces at the thought of peasants decently dressed, who regrets the lost joys of relieving himself on the odd docile, tattered coolie. Her book abides no question; what the critic should probe is himself: am I a Fascist beast, do I want to grind the faces of the poor? But I'm really not and

The Nose of Gogol

Russians are nose-gay and nose-sad... Gogol's long, sensitive nose discovered new smells in literature.

Vladimir Nabokov, *Nikolai Gogol.*

Russian proverbs say:
"The longest nose sees most;
A nose hangs in dejection
Or is lifted in glory;
It bridges the Volga
And portends good news;
A nose is a golden story."

Gogol wrote to a lady:
"My nose can plunge without fingers
Into the smallest snuff-box."
He could wrinkle its tip
Down a thin mustache
And over a mocking mouth
To touch his underlip.

At last the nose began
To write his stories,
And snores, smells and
Sneezes marked the poses
Of his characters, one
A madman on the moon who
Found the people were Noses.

Before he died, doctors
Bled him with six leeches
On his nose that sniffed
New literary hells,
And he shrieked at the devils,
His nose a dead soul
Killed by dank smells.

JAMES SCHEVILL

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I really don't, I feel forced to quaver. Don't hit me again, Mademoiselle. I don't admire the Kuomintang, I think I understand a bit about the bad old days, I recognize the moribundity of Confucian culture in modern times. Indeed (a spot of color back in the cheeks now), I resent the cant of neo-traditionalists and anti-recognitionists quite as much as our author does—and not least because its persistence piques good minds, in sheer polar opposition, to such banal effusions and intellectual abdications as *The Long March*.

Deformations of Society

SOCIAL CLASS AND MENTAL ILLNESS. By August B. Hollingshead and Frederick C. Redlich. John Wiley & Son. 442 pp. $7.50.

INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY AND SOCIAL WELFARE. By Harold L. Wilensky and Charles N. Lebeaux. Russell Sage Foundation. 401 pp. $5.

Arthur K. Davis

WHAT Veblen said two generations ago about ecoonmics is applicable to American sociology today. It leans heavily toward a static, hence unrealistic, picture of social life. During the last twenty years academic social scientists have become preoccupied with technical virtuosity and abstract theorizing. Like American foreign policy, and for much the same reasons, the social science of our universities is characterized by a decided aversion to reality.

But there are notable exceptions. Among them are surely Whyte's *Street Corner Society*, Cox's *Caste, Class and Race,* Sutherland's *White Collar Crime,* Cohen's *Delinquent Boys*, Mills's *White Collar* and Hollingshead's *Elmtown's Youth.* Is it an illusion that such studies seem now to be appearing a little more frequently?

Two new titles rate high honors. Both books face the basic realities of social change and social class. Each measures in a different way some of the deforming impacts of capitalist industrialism upon people and communities. Each shows that those conditions commonly denoted as "social problems" are inherent and organic components, rather than accidents, of our society.

Social Class and Mental Illness analyzes the relations of treated mental illness to social class in metropolitan New Haven. The 1891 natives of the city known to have received psychiatric care during a six-month period in 1950 were systematically compared with a 5-per-cent household sample of the general population. The latter was divided into five classes: a 3-per-cent upper class of top executives and professionals possessing substantial inherited wealth; a 9-per-cent upper-middle class of lesser executives and professionals; a 21-per-cent middle class of small business and white-collar families; a 49-per-cent skilled and semi-skilled working class; and an 18-per-cent lower class of semi-skilled and unskilled workers. Whatever became of the myth that nearly everyone today is middle-class?

Class I has 3 per cent of the population but only 1 per cent of the mental patients. But class V, with 18 per cent of the population, has 38 per cent of the patients.

NEUROSIS, the less severe type of mental illness, is found to be directly related to class status. More precisely, the higher the class standing, the higher the rate of *treated* neurosis. The true rate of neurosis in the community is unknown, because the authors deal only with those cases of mental illness receiving professional psychiatric care. Readers must bear in mind that it is mainly upper-class people who have learned to recognize neurosis as an illness, properly subject to scientific therapy—and who can afford the high cost of professional treatment. For all we know, the true and the treated rates of neurosis may differ greatly, perhaps even inversely. The contingency of the authors' findings on neurosis and social class needs to be underscored.

But no such reservation is necessary concerning their conclusions on psychosis. Psychotic behavior is far more intolerable to a community than is neurosis, hence it is much more likely to be referred for treatment. Psychosis rates in New Haven are found to vary inversely and decisively with social class. They rise most sharply in class V, where they are three times higher than in class IV and nearly eight times higher than in class I. Seldom, perhaps, has a more devastating revelation of the inequities and the human costs of our class system been made.

The results of the authors' analysis of treatment in relation to class are equally startling. Our understaffed and overcrowded state mental hospitals are dumps for class IV and V psychotics receiving minimum custodial care. Compared to the private practitioners and private hospitals specializing in costly individual psychotherapy for upper-class patients, state hospitals are, on a per-diem basis, low-cost institutions. But the long stays of IVs and especially Vs, who usually do not get adequate care and rehabilitation, make those institutions maximum-cost projects. Genuine therapy leading to rehabilitation would actually be cheaper, it seems. This is not available because the upper class controlling our political apparatus has not learned to demand the necessary care for lower-class patients.

Proprietary hospitals come in for some hard raps. "Private hospitals are designed for the carriage trade [I-IIs getting expensive insight therapy] but they are supported by the shock box [III-IVs getting the cheaper shock treatments]." Even the publicly-supported New Haven clinics spend more resources on their class II patients ($390 average) than on their class IV patients ($48 average).

The authors conclude that we need better and cheaper therapeutic methods, especially for class IV and V patients. Doctors, who are mostly class I and II, are worlds apart from their IV and V patients. Equally essential are larger funds and new financing arrangements for mental-health facilities. "We believe that a society which can afford atomic bombs can afford good psychotherapy."

Hollingshead and Redlich of course do not claim that social class is the cause of mental illness. But they have firmly established that mental illness and its treatment have significant class dimensions. A study more scientifically competent, more courageous and more socially enlightened would be hard to find.

INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY AND SOCIAL WELFARE first describes the social evolution of urban-industrial society, American variety, and the consequent emergence of such social problems as class conflict, broken families and juvenile delinquency. Though this sketch depends too uncritically on the idealistic Weber-Parsons school of sociology and on the Kuznets doctrine of income equalization, the basic approach is refreshingly dynamic and realistic.

The book deals mainly with welfare services and their relation to bureaucracy, class and power. The development of social work as a profession is dissected and its key conflicts are set forth—pro-

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fessional standards vs. agency rules, sex role vs. professional role, humanitarian reform vs. outmoded traditions. Especially since the 1930s emphasis in social work has shifted away from reform and toward technical professionalism. A similar tendency is observable in all the social sciences. "Social work became firmly tied to psychological science and the two reflected neatly the central tendencies of American culture."

Social scientists evidently achieve insight roughly to the extent that they transcend their own class limitations and recover anew the Baconian premise that science is a means of mastering nature and society on behalf of man's common welfare. If the general prospect of American sociology appears dismal from this standpoint, at least some healthy exceptions are turning up.

The Influentials

ENTRY E. By Richard Frede. Random House. 247 pp. $3.50.

Richard Schickel

ENTRY E is a rather bad novel by someone who may turn out, eventually, to be a good writer. The mistakes and the gaucheries committed by its young author, Richard Frede, are of the sort which only ambitious and serious writers make. They are the mistakes of a writer overreaching his technical competence as he strives for effects which, for the moment, are beyond him. F. Scott Fitzgerald's first novel, *This Side of Paradise*, was such a book. And it, too, was an attempt to picture life in an Ivy League college.

In *Entry E* one of the characters says, ". . . each generation gets known and tagged according to one small group within it. This group is the most influentially divergent group." *This Side of Paradise* was about such a group, and so is *Entry E*. Frede, like Fitzgerald, has a good ear for the speech of his entire generation, and a good eye for the superficials of its behavior. There is a trap in this excellence. The protagonist, intended to represent the divergent group, blends too perfectly with those who are supposed to form a background in contrast to him. With contrast blurred, divergencies begin to seem representations of traits peculiar to the whole generation. I don't know if *Entry E* will be as widely read as *This Side of Paradise*

RICHARD SCHICKEL, a free-lance critic, is an associate editor of a national magazine.

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was, but if it should be, another stereotype is about to be born. For the minority that Fitzgerald presented came to represent an entire generation.

DESPITE all the recent concern about conformity among the young, the great, gray mass of collegians has not varied much from generation to generation. The majority, in the twenties, thirties, forties and fifties have all wanted about the same thing from college—that thing not being education. They have wanted college to polish the rough social edges off them, to teach them how to lead quietly prosperous, happily married lives with a minimum of confusion, a maximum of comfort. The influential minority (the soul-searchers and their fellow-traveling neurotics) wanted something different from the majority in the twenties and thirties. In the twenties they answered their needs with a noisy nihilism, in the thirties with social consciousness. After World War II, however, the minority suddenly began to share majority values. They, too, began to want comfort, security and disengagement from the big issues. But since the influential minority is always composed of the most articulate and intelligent members of the college group, they talked a great deal about their shortcomings. Things got so bad last year that Donald Malcolm quoted this "old folk tale" in *The New Republic*:

> Hark Mother! What is that sound?
> Only the wind in the trees, dear.
> No, Mother, I hear it still, a low sad murmur with every now and then a dreadful groan—what *is* it?
> Nothing, dear. Only the silent generation assessing itself.

Malcolm went on to point out that "It takes a moral and historical crisis of a fairly special kind to 'make' a generation, and one cannot expect history to provide an indefinite series of such crises for the benefit of little magazines." This, as far as it goes, is sound, but Malcolm cannot deny that the widespread—and possibly feckless—ambition of this generation to analyse itself sets it apart from other generations. Most of the analysis is nonsensical, but a few youthful probers have contributed some fairly searching statements.

Entry E's interest to the general reader lies precisely in this area, just as did the interest of Fitzgerald's first book. *Entry E* is overly-dramatic, self-consciously literary. There is, for instance, an endless interior dialogue carried on by Ed Bogard, the protagonist, with his superego (termed The Third Person) and a very odd id—a slide rule—which is the first id in history to counsel caution. This is sometimes enlightening, more often tedious, from an artistic standpoint; but sociologically, it is always interesting. For Bogard is the influential minority of his generation and the forces tearing at his mind are the forces tearing at that whole minority. The Third Person stands for the fundamental decency, the desire to commit itself to some kind of positive action in favor of something good. The slide rule represents the opposite, the knowledge that there are precious few causes worth giving yourself to (". . . remember the First Commandment of The Order: *Don't*. Whatever it is, just plain *Don't*. Because it may not be safe. Because you *may* get hurt").

Bogard represents an Americanized version of the ignorant existentialism of psuedo-intellectual Frenchmen. The situation he finds himself in is ludicrously melodramatic. A group of drunken undergraduates have a young amateur whore in a dormitory room across the hall from his. They have plied her with grain alcohol and benzedrine and are about to attempt a mass assault on her drugged body. Bogard tries to stop it, first with his fists, then by trying to round up some other undergraduates to help him. He fails because he cannot bring himself to care very deeply about what happens to the rather miserable, pathetic girl. He knows the only sure way of stopping the assault is to call the campus cops. But he doesn't want to "rat" on his friends (this is part of The Code). After the girl has been repeatedly raped, Bogard and another boy get her sobered up and packed off on a train. Her assailants, meantime, drunkenly boast of their exploit, the word gets to the college administration and they are expelled; Bogard, for his crimes of omission, is asked to resign. He realizes that he must learn to care what happens to other people, that he must take some risks, if only to keep his self-respect.

THAT's all there is to the book. In bald outline the plot can be seen to be a bit cheap. Despite this, and despite stylistic failings, Frede has managed to say someting about that "influential minority." By making the girl what she is, and by making her attackers what they are (stupid, but not evil, boys), he has created the sort of gray world in which modern man must make his black and white decisions about right and wrong. And in his central figure he has defined well the conflicts of a member of the "silent" generation who is extremely articulate about his silence. In a few of the reveries of this Hamlet with a belt in the back, he has caught better than anyone else the problems of a young man growing up in a world in which the old liberal values are dying out, to be replaced by manufactured mass values. Bogard speaks a crushing epitaph for his generation when he says, "We've been taught a helluva lot of Don't's and almost no Do's." *Entry E* is the best fictional statement so far on the plight of the minority which has talked so much about its silence that it has given a name to a generation.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Rome

I WAS in Berlin, where I had gone to see how a German cast and director had treated O'Neill's *A Touch of the Poet*—which I shall soon be staging in New York—when I began to hear increasingly alarming news from Paris. "Civil War in France?" one headline screamed.

While in Berlin I went to see a brilliant performance of Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann* at the "Comic Opera" house in the East Sector. From a theatre point of view this was the finest production of opera I had seen since that of the Moscow Art Theatre's Musical Studio production of Bizet's *Carmen*. The sets, costumes and staging in this German production of Offenbach's glitteringly macabre opera are rarely equaled anywhere. The irony is that the splendor of the production as well as the exquisiteness of the opera house itself are in such striking contrast to the drabness of East Berlin.

But I am writing of Paris. It was abnormally quiet when I arrived. Since Jacques Tati's picture *My Uncle* had just won a special prize at the Cannes Festival and since I considered his earlier film *Mr. Hulot's Holiday* a masterpiece, I thought I'd begin my inspection of Paris entertainment with his new one. I was not disappointed. Though *My Uncle* does not seem to me as consummate an achievement as *Hulot*, the new picture has a broader theme: the futility of modern functionalism.

The same theme in a way is at the

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heart of Chaplin's *A King in New York*—the political aspect of the film is incidental. I hastened to visit it because it will not, I presume, be shown in New York. I found it fairly labored or, to be blunt, a dud. The more explicit Chaplin becomes the less expressive.

One of the best productions in Paris at the moment is Peter Brook's staging of Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge*. One might call this an international effort because, in addition to the American play and the English director, Raf Vallone, an Italian film actor, plays the leading role. The play is much more effective in Paris than it was in New York (it is also much more successful) because, apart from several excellent revisions which clarify the play's theme, Brook has made it "operatically" graphic or, if you will, melodramatic. Every moment is picturesquely *charged*. This, for Boris Aronson who accompanied me, was reducing the script to a "gangster" show and satisfying a European sense of America as a land of rough-riding realism, energetic but raw. It seemed to me, however, that the play had been made more viable as theatre than it had been in the rather statically "psychological" production in New York.

I felt it my "duty" to see a few of the plays—mostly revivals—recommended by residents of Paris. Bourdet's *The Weak Sex* is attractively played at the Comédie Française and is shrewdly cynical entertainment. It is a play of the late twenties when wealthy foreign ladies could afford to keep or conveniently marry indigent and indolent young men in Paris — a day that even the management of the Ritz Hotel (where the play takes place) must now regard as belonging to a buried past.

WHAT became increasingly evident as I observed the theatre in Paris is that the more outstanding events were of foreign origin—such as the appearance at the Opéra of the Ballet of the Bolshoi Theatre, and at the Théâtre des Nations (the old Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt) a Japanese Kabuki company—a kind of connoisseur's delicacy. The dancers and acrobats of the Peking Opera had been preferred because, so I was assured, they were more dynamic. The French like their foreign art a little savage, for the civilized, they feel, is the *spécialité de la maison*.

Ulanova of the Bolshoi Ballet is a great dancer, and the company as a whole is impressive in many ways — the extraordinary vitality of the men, the dramatic clarity of such passages as that of Mercutio's duel, the scrupulous attention given to every characterization —but the audience on the opening night was rather cold, and I myself felt strangely unengaged. I couldn't quite tell then (nor am I sure now) whether this was due to some lack in the performance—stylistic impurities, old-fashioned sets, a rather uninspired score—or to the goings on outside the theatre.

For what I am writing about is not so much the theatre in Paris as Paris itself. The place is constantly *cooking*. What it "cooks" is a composite of universally contemporary ingredients, some of which are foul and destructive but always very much in the open, extremely conscious and devastatingly human. Here the heterogeneous and turbid elements that make Europe may be beheld in a distillation rendered especially clear through their container — the test tube which is the city itself.

"URGE you leave France immediately" my brother wired me. And did I not, coming back to my hotel from a dinner at a French journalist's home where we were constantly interrupted by phone calls from foreign correspondents trying to learn exactly what was happening, did I not run into a traffic jam caused by hundreds of cars packed from the Rue de Solférino across the bridge to the Place de la Concorde and up to the Arc de Triomphe, all sounding their

Mr. Mammon

In business my ideal is to get up
to adjust a screw or a bill
or a customer's complaint,
taking in all about ten minutes;
then to retire hands in pockets
to my office and stand looking
out the window at traffic
and to hear the machines go
inside the shop and to feel
I am lending my presence.
I would have a relationship to God
to think about, His presence,
with my unease at my freedom.
I would imagine this condition
something to bear gracefully,
requiring just this idleness.
And I would remove my hands
from my pockets and return to the shop
and stroll its length and width,
looking over my machines and help,
in pity and humiliation.
I would know what it means
to betray, to invite betrayal.
And I would reply, O Lord,
why did You give me this desire
for freedom, if not to feel
myself in Your presence?

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klaxons in a rhythm which I was informed signified *Algérie Française,* while the passengers were yelling "De Gaulle to power"? A seemingly festive demonstration, it summoned something sinister. This was no time to leave France.

A general strike had been called. The afternoon it was to begin I went to see the art dealer, Henri Kahnweiler, the man who first sold Picasso, Braque, Gris. He appeared almost disappointed that the workers at the electric plant had not turned off the lights in his gallery. We both conjectured about the future turn of events and then discussed the great Modigliani show at Charpentier's. We referred to the poverty of the theatre season and I was invited to lunch with Kahnweiler at his home the next day.

Following the customary superb lunch, Kahnweiler tried to get news of de Gaulle's latest statement on the radio. Michel Leiris, avant-garde novelist and a curator at the Anthropological Museum, hurried off to a meeting at the Sorbonne called by members of the teaching profession who had gone on a one-day strike to protest the "threat to the republic." All this while, the painter, André Masson, was telling me that Zola, whom I had mentioned, was not a naturalist at all but "a poet" and that what is most striking in Van Gogh's pictures is the sense we get of the compulsion he had in painting them, which somehow led to a balanced estimate of the now wholly downgraded Puvis de Chavannes with some passing references to the ferocity of the civil war in Spain which Masson had witnessed and symbolically recorded in some of his work.

THE next night there was a sort of counter demonstration by the "Left." I had just seen a "family audience" enjoy a sprightly revival of Labiche's (1838) farce *The Italian Straw Hat* at the Comédie Française. Outside the theatre I noticed some stickers plastered to the pavement which read "Frenchmen go to the National Assembly tomorrow afternoon and revile the non-Communist deputies who vote against de Gaulle."

I had planned to end the evening at the Elysée-Matignon just off the Rond Point des Champs-Elysées, a café where theatre people gather late every night much as they do at Sardi's. But the place was dark! The headwaiter standing outside the establishment explained that he had turned off the light for fear that the windows of his café might be smashed. I had hardly observed that a horde of young people was marching through the adjacent streets shouting "Vive la république!" while others had begun to shatter the windows of cars which were sounding their horns for de Gaulle. Stones began to fly, one of which caught me in the leg.

When the rumpus had subsided and I could enter the café, since the lights had been turned on again, I sat down to hear the American Preston Sturges speaking about a play he had written in French, while the café manager explained how all the "trouble" was going to affect the tourist trade. He assured me that I had nothing to fear—I had mentioned my little accident—because "There never has been a revolution in France."

On Monday morning Paris, lovely as ever, seemed momentarily appeased. De Gaulle had been "invested." I was on my way to Rome. In the cab I inexplicably recalled the repartee in one of the French plays I had seen: "Life is very difficult, you know," one character said, and the other replied "It is a moment to be passed. . . ." Inwardly I mused: "Paris theatre, pah! But *Paris* —what a show."

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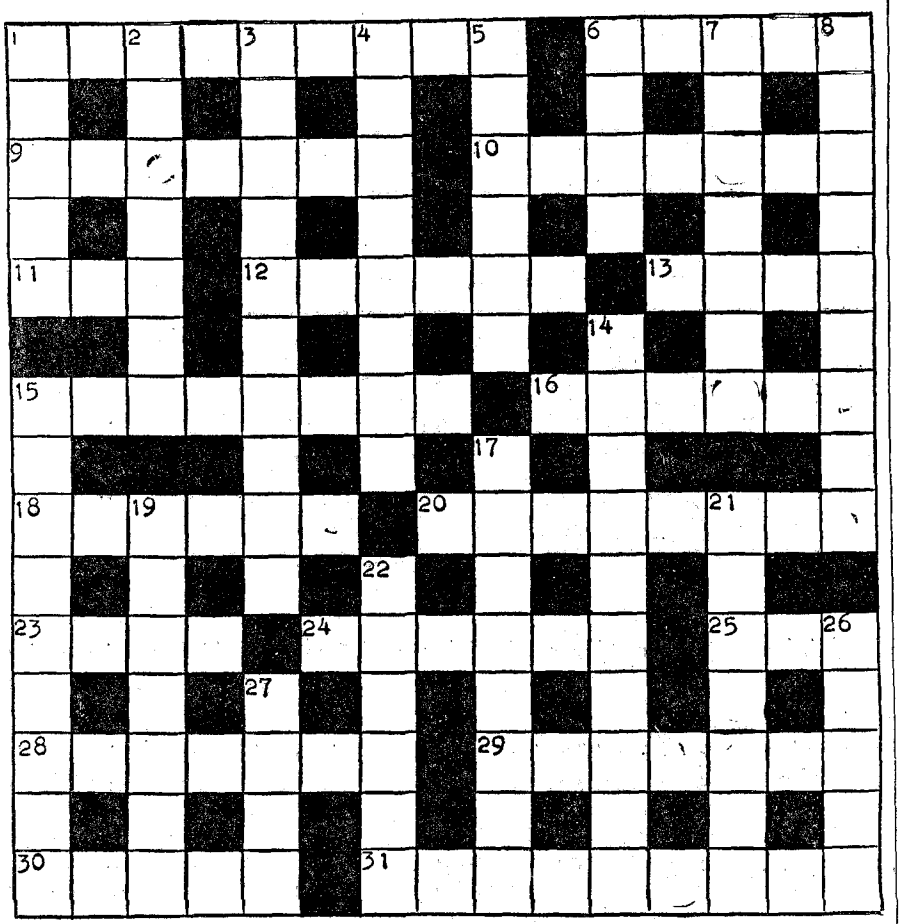
Crossword Puzzle No. 778

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Two things sidewalk superintendents do with a second splitter. (9)
6 and 22 down Gee, Old Glory was British after all! (5, 6)
9 You might find us in direct opposite to 2. (7)
10 Obviously a sitting bird, but doesn't set. (7)
11, 25 and 30 Wander apace in the book version. (3, 3, 5)
12 Lesion sometimes found under your foot. (6)
13 Ripe for a part in the fairy tale? (6)
15 Most of us have dealt in this. (4, 4)
16 Virgin that often made a hit with 24. (6)
18 Butter stick which shouldn't always be kept in the barrel. (6)
20 April's is supposedly girlish. (8)
24 This city is nothing less than a college town. (6)
28 He at least might have a lot to offer. (7)
29 How the wrathful carry on! (7)
31 Cortez to Keats? (5-4)

DOWN:

1 The sort of man for the enemy's shots. (5)
2 More open-handed than 9, of a sort of 9 without us. (7)
3 With 16, responsible for the Life of 3 (which was not his own!) (10)
4 Uninteresting flag to more than one! (6)
5 With 6 across, famous for Hollywood spectacles. (6)
6 Weaver to appear in great form!
7 and 23 Musical comedy from America? (2, 4, 1, 4)
8 The German least-expected professional killer, perhaps. (9)
14 Where the sailor might serve time and time again—it's criminal! (10)
15 Might be part of the pediatrist's prescription, rather than that of the pedicurist's. (4, 5)
17 Checking with everybody in keeping the score the same? (8)
19 The Treasure State. (7)
21 It's not funny to get old in the attempt! (7)
22 With 3 was reputedly first in 11, 25 and 30. (6)
26 Her life is bound up with a tree. (Notice the W.C.T.U. might approve?) (5)
27 Possible result when the sebaceous gland acts up. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 777

ACROSS: 1 Parade rest; 6 Asps; 10 Exposes; 11 Abetter; 12 Expense account; 14 Torments; 15 Gaucho; 16 Raffia; 18 Shrivels; 22 Disarrangement; 24 Flaccid; 25 Cremona; 26 Reek; 27 Redressers. DOWN: 1 Preceptors; 2 Repaper; 3 Disinheritance; 4 Respect; 5 Starch; 7 Satanic; 8 Sort; 9 Decorativeness; 13 Mouse-traps; 17 Frigate; 19 Handcar; 20 Eyesore; 21 Bridge; 23 Afar.

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